Justice Davis Scowled his gravest. Horace White did Scream delighted. General Palmer Was no calmer.

Adams wrote 'en Mr. Sumner Merely looked glum

But Grant, 'mid all this angry din and riot, Smoked his cigar with his accustomed quiet; Wrought all his duties, enforced all the lawa, Sure, uccause worthy, of the world's applause; And the good people, calmly as the moon, Let these dogs bark—their voice will speak in June.

A Joke on a Tailor. . in Boston, many years ago, there lived (as there now, we venture to say,) two young fellows, her wagish in their ways, and who were in the sit of patronizing rather extensively a tailor by name of Smith. Well, one day, into his shop se two young bloods strolled. Says one of

these two young bloods strolled. Says one of them:

"Smith, we've been making a bet. Now, we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes; wait till the bet is decided, and the one that loses will pay the whole." "Certainly, gentlemen; I shall be most happy to serve you," says Smith, and forthwith their measures were taken, and in due time the clothes were sent home. A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his customers. One day, however, he met them, and thinking it almost time the bet was decided, he made up to them and asked how their clothing fitted. "Oh!" excellent, says one: "by the by, Smith, our bet isn't decided yet." "Ah!" says Smith, "what is it!" "Why. I bet that when Benker Hill Massment falls it will fall to the south! Bill, here, took me up, and when the bet is decided, we'll call and pay you that little bill." Smith's face stretched to double its usual length, but he soon recovered his wonted good humor.

Not That Kind of Nove

A gentleman of Dayton dropped into the reading room of a hotel in this city a few days since, and while sitting there a conversation upon polities grew up between himself and a stranger who was stopping at the hotel. Now, our Dayton friend, we should explain, is blessed with a nose of exceedingly roscate hue. The stranger soon began a tirade of abuse against the Administration; he denonneed President Grant as both a knave and a fool, and asserted that our whole Government was a very resmood of corruption. overnment was a very cesspool of corruption. Our friend of the rubicand masal organ heard him through; then rising from his chair he astonished the stranger by laying his finger upon his fiery red nose and remarking: "See here, stranger, I'm not a Democrat; that's a boil."—Dayion Journal.

ADAM's FALL.-In a country town resides a clerryman who is pastor of a small flock, who esteem aim very highly, and whom he is fond of cate-hizing. A few days since, while taking a ramble chizing. A few days since, while taking a ramble through the village, he stopped at the house of oue of his parishoners, and after the usual saluta-tions had been exchanged, the conversation ran as follows: "Well, Mrs. W., can you tell me how as follows: "Well, Mrs. W., can you tell me how Adam fell?" The lady commenced to smile andibly, and finally replied,—"Why, my dear Doctor, you are not serious?" "Very serious indeed," responded the doctor. Mrs. W., whose husband's name happened to be Adam, replied,—"Well, well, you shall have it, Doctor. You see, Adam went to climb over the fence the other day, to go to Deacon M.'s for a bottle of whisky, when an oarlying on the ground took his foot. Over Adam fell and barked his shin; and that's the whole truth of the matter."

SOME years ago, an honest citizen of Newbury-port, who had acquired a competence by hard work, was appointed by his Execliency a Justice of the Peace. The appointment, which had been un-solicited, was regarded by him a very great hon-or, and he determined to make himself worthy of it by retiring from active huminess and civing his or, and he determined to make himself worthy of it by retiring from active business and giving his attention to books. His first purchase was a copy of the General Statutes; his next a volume of the plays of Shakespeare, about whom, as he told his wife confidentially, he had heard the big guns say a good deal. The great poet produced a powerful impression upon him. "I don't suppose," he said, speaking of it afterward to his friends, "there are twenty men in Massachusetts who could have written such a book."

The ecceutric Dr. Byles had at one time a remarkably stapid Irish girl as a domestic. With a look and voice of terror he said to her in haste: "Go and tell your mistress, Dr. Byles has put an end to himself." The girl flew up stairs, and, with a face of horror, exclaimed at the top of her voice: "Dr. Byles has put an end to himself!" The astonished wife and daughters rushed into the parlor, and there was the doctor calmly walking about, with a part of a cow's tail that he had picked up in the street tied to his coat or cassock behind.

THE Cleveland Leader says that a gentleman in that city who prides himself upon his appearance, lately sought to remove a grease spot from his coat tail by the free use of benzine, and then stood close to the stove that the odor might evaporate more quickly. He was quite correct in his theory, but unfortunate in practice, for he was soon turning cart wheels through the window, and there was not enough of the coat tail left to make a "weskit" for a doll bady. He does not ride horseback now, and sleeps on all fours, like a mule.

In a certain town out West, there had been a very exciting election for the office of Sheriff. The successful candidate, of course, was very much elated, and at night was for a long time talking it over with his wife as they sat before the fire previous to retiring. Meanwhile the youngsters in the transle bed were "all ears," and at length one tow head popped up under the inspiration of the query, "Ma, are we all Sheriffs, or only you and pa?" "Lie down, you little scamp!" cried the mother; "only your pa and me."

WE have heard of a Wisconsin girl who "plows and harrows and plants thirty acres of land with ber own hands." This is a little more than we are going to believe, just now. A Wisconsin, or any other girl, might plant thirty acres of land, but as for plowing and harrowing it with her own hands—she couldn't do it, even if she had steel-tooth finger nails two inches long.

"A CORRECT likeness of yourself sent, and your fortune told." Young Green, in answer to the above advertisement, receives a looking glass, and is informed that he can tell his own fortune

THE Boston Post tells of a man in Troy who left a boarding house just because a rat bit off his ear. When people get to be that particular about tri-fles, they ought to quit boarding and go to keep-ing house.

A MASSACHUSETTS politican's opinion of the in-termarriage of whites and negroes was that he didn't believe in it. Said he, "I think that every person ought to marry some one of his own sex."

An ambitions citizen of Rome, Ga., endeavored to eat three quarts of systems recently. A local paper says, "It was a way he had of signing an engagement to slumber in the valley."

THE Boston Post describes the difference between a town bell and the Tammany ring to be: "One peals from the steeple and the other—don't."
The inference is obvious.

A BENNINGTON (Vermont) paper reports that a prisoner in the County jail fell out while leaning against the wall, and that the institution is to be

A PENNSYLVANIAN, after lighting a mathrew it into a powder keg. The coroners of three Counties are collecting the shreds.

#### for the farmer.

CULTIVATING AND MORING CORN.

After farmers have plowed and put in the seed, ever so well, their work is by no means done towards producing an abundant crop of grain. Nature has made abundant provision for occapying the seeds of hardy weeds all over the land, which will menally vegetate sooner than seed that is put into the soil for a crop. Therefore unelse cultivated plants be assisted in ther growth, noxious weeds will frequently obtain the ascendency, and choke their growth, and thus prevent their proper development and fructification.

choke their growth, and thus prevent their proper development and fructification.

In order to prevent weeds from ontstripping the crops, the seed is frequently planted in rows, so that Nature can be assisted in keeping the weeds down, and the soil light and mellow by some mechanical means, either by plows, cultivators, or hand hoes. When manual labor is so expensive as it is at present, no labor should be performed by hand which can be done more expeditiously and more easily with a horse. In cultivating corn, sorghum, broom corn and potatoes, labor is too expensive to perform any considerable portion of such work with hand hoes. Still, hand hoeing is essential, and cannot be dispensed with entirely. But the great proportion of the work, in order to make farming pay, must be done with horses, as one horse will be able to perform quite as much, even at hoeing corn, as five or six faithful laborers, if proper tools be provided, and team and implements are managed with skill.

The old way of dressing out hoed crops, with a

perform quite as much, even at noeing corn, as five or six faithful laborers, if proper tools be provided, and team and implements are managed with skill.

The old way of dressing out hoed crops, with a plow, is quite objectionable, and by no means an economical way of performing hand labor. A plow is decidedly objectionable, in dressing out Indian corn, for example, because it tears off too many roots of the growing plants. When the plow is run near the hills, it injures the corn seriously, as all the roots are cut off on the side where the plow is driven.

Another objection to a plow among growing corn is, it leaves the surface of the ground in ridges. Well-coudneted experiments have proved, that level cultivation will produce a larger yield off grain than ridges, or hills. Another weighty objection is, it is not so effective as a horse hoe, in rooting up weeds and grass; and much more hand hoeing is required to dress out a growing crop, when a plow has been used between the rows, than when the cultivating is done with a good horse hoe, that will run only a few inches deep, loosening up the entire space between the rows, without root-pruning the growing plants.

If we examine the roots of growing corn, or sorghum, we will find, that when the leaves are only a few inches long, the lateral roots are frequently eight or ten inches long. Such planta are injured seriously by cutting, or tearing off those long roots. A good horse hoe will scarify the surface of the ground, if managed with skill, from one row to the other, without disturbing those long roots. With a plow, it cannot be done. By adjusting a horse hoe properly, and managing it skillfully, the outside teeth may be run only one or two inches deep, and so closely to the rows, that all the young weeds and grass will be smothered, or toru up; and no labor will be required with hand hoes, except what one faithful boy could perform, as fast as an active man can dress out the growing erop with the horse hoe. Where there is too much dirt thrown up against the p

eared. Some laborers always strike the blade of the Some laborers always strike the blade of the hoe into the ground, all around the growing corn, or any other plants. This practice is decidedly detrimental, as a large proportion of the longest roots are ent off. Root-pruning for corn, sorghum, potatoes, pumpkins, or flowers of any kind, retards their growth. Annual plants never require root-pruning. Indeed, root-pruning fujures a crop of corn to such au extent, as to lessen the yield several bushels per acre.

A correspondent of the Recue Horticole gives a strong illustration of the value of charcoal applied to rose bushes. Having purchased a finely grown rose bush, the flowers of which proved to be of a faded hue, he put in the pot a half uch depth of pulverized charcoal; the buds which blossomed after a few days gave as lively rose-colored flowers as could be desired. The experiment of taking off and putting on charcoal was tried until there could be no doubt of its efficacy in despening the color of the petals. He then tried powdered charcoal in large quantities on petunias, and found that both the white and violet colored flowers were equally sensitive to its action. Yellow flowers appear to be insensible action. Yellow flowers appear to be insensible to the influence of charcoal. A barrel of fine charcoal from the woods freshly burned will enable us to try the effect of a liberal application in the flower beds. It will make a vast difference if the soil and the fertilizers are in condition to be utilized by the trees, shrubs, or plants. The roots take up only the soluble material.

The Sunflower.

A writer in Colman's Rural World, urges upon farmers to put in a patch of sunflowers. The yield is about equal to corn, and they require about the same attention; as food for poultry and hogs they far exceed corn. A little occasionally hogs they far exceed corn. A little occasionally mixed with horse feed gives a fine coat. Every farmer's wife, especially on the prairie, will be pleased to see a goodly lot staked near the kitchen. For kindling it has no superior, and is easily prepared, for a feeble child can break the largest stalk across the knee. It makes a plendid bean pole; plant as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and when it comes time to plant the beans, the sunflowers will be knee-high; then thin out to a single stalk and plant the beans at the root—you will thus get two crops. Chemists tell us its ashes contain fourfold more alkali than ordinary wood. It is also a splendid protection ordinary wood. It is also a splendid protection from cold winds when set against north and west fences. Cattle take to it, and do not put it down as they do straw or stalks.

Straw Bee Hives.

Quinby, Langstroth, Mrs. Tupper, and bee keepers generally agree upon the fact that the old fashioned straw hive possesses the requisite qualities for the walls of a hive—that they keep an even temperature and carry off moisture. But as ities for the walls of a hive—that they keep an even temperature and carry off moisture. But as they are not adapted for moveable comb frames, they are inedequate to the wants of improved bee keeping. Charles Finn, of Des Moines, is the inventor and pantentee of a double wall hive, designed to be equal to a straw hive with moveable frames. The walls are blocked up of alternate layers of wood and paper or their equivalent. The hive has met with much favor, and is being thoroughly tested as an out-door hive.

hands—she condult' do it, even if she had steeltooth finger nails two inches long.

"LUKE had it before; Paul had it behind; boys
never have it; girls have it but once; and Mrs.
Mulligan has it twice in the same place." That's
a queer kind of riddle; but then there's nothing
strange about it. The answer is simply the letter "L"

An exchange, alluding to P. T. Barnum's coming show, says; "He is the gentleman that recently 'entered land' out west by falling off his horse
into a prairie dog hole. The hole will be exhibited among other curiosities."

How to Decoy Pigs.

A correspondent speaking of the difficulty of
swine driving, says:

It is as "easy as whistling after you know how,"
to wit: To an ear of corn, tie the end of a strong
cord, drop it in front of the pig to within five or
six inches of his nose, and then commence walking slowly away in the direction you wish him
to propel. If his pigship shows evidence of blighted hopes or aberration of mind from the singular
conduct of the corn, seduce him into the belief
that it is right, by letting him have a brief nibble
at it, and then resume your line of march. In
this way the most obdurate pig may be decoyed
any reasonable distance.—Mostgowery discretiser.

THE PEAR TREE BLIGHT.—The blight shows it-THE PEAR TREE BLIGHT.—The blight shows itself on the pear tree in several different ways, or with different degrees of malignity; sometimes it is localized in a limb, for which the remedy is thorough amputation; sometimes the epidermis will become black, while the inner bark appears to be all right, and the tree can be saved by removing the discolored part, when a new and sound bark takes its place. The only standard tree I have left was affected in this way some years ago, and is now a sound tree, producing fruit. Another form of the blight appears to be a vitiated condition of the sap, for which I suppose there is no remedy. Persons who have trees that turn suddenly black in midsummer are apt to suppose the disease comes on at that time; but I apprehend a careful examination will always show an unsound condition of the tree several months beforehand.—Cultivator.

REMEDY FOR FOUNDER .- An excellent remedy for a foundered horse is as follows: When you are satisfied that he is foundered, no matter what the cause, give him one pint of dry salt (with a spoon); then keep him in the stable, without drink, for twenty-four boars, and nine times out of ten a radical cure will be effected. This remedy, however, is recommended only in first state. medy, however, is recommended only in first sta-ges, or within three or four days after the cause.

Western Eural.

It is worth while for all farmers, everywhere, to remember that hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer, than purchased in the win-

The codling moth, when in its state of larva, may be entrapped by winding bandages of straw, hay, or cloth around the trunks of fruit trees.

### Our Scrap Book.

A BUNDRED TEARS AGO. Where are the birds that sweetly sang.
A hundred years ago!
The flowers that all in beauty aprang.
A hundred years ago!
The lips that smiled.
The eyes that wild in fashes above.
Soft eyes upon—
Where, so! where are lips and eyes.
The midden's smiles, the lever's sighs,
That were, so long ago!

he peopled all the city's streets, A hundred years ago! he filled the church, with faces meek, Who filled the church, with moos meet,
A handred years ago!
The ancering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hart—
Where, oh! where are plots and ancers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fazza,
That were, so long ago!

That were, to how, where dead men ale A hundred years ago!

Who, whilst living, offitimes wept, A hundred years ago!

Who, whilst living, offitimes wept, A hundred years ago!

They knew not then, Their hunds are filled, Their houses are filled;

Yet Nature then was just as gay, And bright the sun abone as to-day, A hundred years ago! A MUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where, where will be the birds that sing.
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring.
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So serily now.

The near the So gayly now—
So gayly now—
th! where will be Love's beaning eye, toy's pleasant smile, and Sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come!

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come!
Who tread you church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come!
Pale, trembling age,
And Stery youth,
And childhood, with
Its brow of truth—
The rich, the poor, on land and sea;
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come!

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
A bundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our atreets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

SNYDER'S NOSE. Snyder kept a beer saloon, some years ago, "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—"sudden and quick in quarrel"—got mad in a minute. Nevertheless, in quarrel"—got mad in a minute. Nevertheless, his saloon was a great resort for the boys—partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe old Suyder, as they called him; for although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite. One day Suyder was missing, and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day, one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Suyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe to-mato.

by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your
nose!" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis; "der sun it pees hot like as ter tifel, unt I
purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it!" And Snyder viewed it with a look of conical sadness in
the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at
once into the head of the mischevious fellow in
front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so
he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should
drop into the saloon one after another, and ask
Snyder: "What's the matter with that nose!" to
see how long he would stand it. The man who
pat up the job went in first, with a companion,
and scating themselves at a table, called for beer.
Snyder brought it to them, and the new-comer
exclaimed, as he saw him: "Snyder, what's the
matter with your nose!"

"I was dell wore friend here Les out fability

exclaimed, as he saw him: "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I yust dell your friend here I ben out fishin' mit der boys, und de sun he parut 'em—zwei lager—den cents—all right."

Another boy rushed in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time; 'spose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughingly)—"ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder, ha! ha!—what's the matter with that nose!"

Snyder, of course, can't see any feet in he.

'Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner—
"I peen out fishin' mit der boys on der leedle Miami. Der sun peest hot like as hail, unt I purnt my bugle. Now dat is more vot I don't got to say. Vot kind of beseness! Dat is all right; I purn my own nose, dont it!"

"Burn your nose—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose, for he was tramping about behind his bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another of his torments walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy!"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy; "but, Snyder, you may give me one of your best cigars—Ha a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! al-he! ha! ha! ha! who—who—ha-a! ha! what's the matter with that nose!"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of tire. Leaning his pooderona figure over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared:

his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared:

"I've peen out fishin' mit ter boys. Der san it peac hot like kail tamnation. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose noce, you youst take dose nose unt we grear-sering your tam American fingers mit em! Date the kind of man rot I am!"

And Snyder was right.

A Wenderful Discovery.

A great discovery has of late been made at a well known cave, situated on the farm of Mr. John Bradford, in Salisbury Township, near the Rutland ad Pomeroy road. Some two weeks since a man named Bickle chased a rabbit into the cave, and, in an attempt to dig it out, found human bones imbedded in ashes. This circumstance being made known, it drew the attention of Dr. W. A. Watkins, of Rutland. Last week he, in company with Mr. Bradford, the owner of the cave, proceeded to the spot, and digring two and a half feet in the bed of ashes, found stulls and skeletons, of various sizes, from infants to full grown persons. It appeared that they had been more or less burnt, though some of the bones, particularly one skull, was quite sound. The skeletons were found in a horizontal position, some with heads to the east, and some to the west.

The cave is some forty feet long, and over it a projecting rock. The quantity of wood ashes found is immense—not less than several hundred bushels. After digging four feet, the bottom of the bed was not reached. How so large a quantity of sches, as well as bones, came there, is involved in the deepest mystery. Supposition would induce the belief that this cave must have been, in by-gone ages, a great charnel house, where the bedies of the dead were consumed. If out the

would induce the belief that this cave must have heen, in by-gone ages, a great charnel house, where the bedies of the dead were consumed, if not the scene of thousands of funeral piles, npon which the living also perished with the dead, as was formerly customary in India. Or it might have been a temple of heathen worship, where human sacrifices were made to appease the wrath of the gods. But to say the least, it shows most couclisively the existence of an ancient race, of which we have no knowledge.

For further particlars, visit the cave, or call at Dr. Watkins' office, Rutland, O.

The weeping willow has a romantic history. The first scion was sent from Smyrna in a box of figs to Alexander Pope. Gen. Clinton brought a shoot from Pope's tree to America, in the time of the revolution, which, passing into the hands of John Parke Custis, was planted on his estate in Virginia, thus becoming the progenitor of the weeping willow in this country.

DEAN STANLEY, in a sermon the other day, re-marked that "the universities of Roman Catholic Italy and. Spain had faded away: but those of Protestant Germany, Holland, Scotland, and Eng-land still flourished and abounded."

A LADY writer says, if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam.

#### Aseful and Curious.

In sections of the country where there is an abundance of cobble-stones, collect a few loads of them about four or five inches in diameter, grade the bottom of the cellar, lay the cobbles in rows, and ram them down one-third their thickness into the ground, so that they will not rock nor be sank below the line of the rows by any heavy or superincumbent pressure, such as the weight of a hogshead of molasses or tierce of vinegar. The bottom of the cellar should be graded so that the outside will be at least two inches lower than the middle. A mistake sometimes occurs by grading the cellar-bottom in such a manner that the centre will be two or three inches lower than the outside. When this is the case, should water enter from the outside, it will flow directly towards the middle. A straight-edged board should be placed frequently on each row of stones as they are being rammed, so that the upper sides may be in a line with each other. After the stones are laid and well rammed down, place a few boards on the pavement to walk on; then make a grouting of clean sand and water-lime, or Rosendale cement, and pour it on the stones until all the interstices are filled. As soon as the grouting has set, spread a layer of good cement mortar one inch thick over the top of the pavement, and trowel the surface off smoothly. In order to spread the mortar true and even on the surface, lay an inch beard one foot from the wall on the surface of the pavement, stand on the board, and fill the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move

Now that spring is coming towards us—slowly, it seems this year—we housekeepers begin to think of work that ye must soon be about, and as some of you may be wishing to renovate old feather beds, I will describe two methods, either of which is good. The first is perhaps the most effectual, if the feathers are badly matted, though more trouble than the last. Spread a sheet upon the floor of an empty room; upon this pour the feathers from the tick; and have the tick well washed, dried and aired. Loosen all the feathers by the hand, picking out hard quill feathers then return to the tick, close up the opening, and lay in the sun for several days, frequently turning it and beating it up thoroughly. To wash the tick and feathers at the same time, one must select a time when the weather is clear and dry. Lay the tick out in the sun on some boxes or slats raised from the ground, and wash thoroughly with a hard brush dipped in good suds. When all the dirt and spots are removed, turn several pails of hot water over the bed, letting it run through the feathers, rinse till the tick seems clear, then let it dry in the sun, turning frequently and shaking up the feathers oft n. A few days in a hot sun will dry thoroughly and the feathers will seem delightfully fresh and light.

The Way that Many Fires Start.

The Way that Many Pires Start.

A lady sitting up with her sick husband, was surprised in the stillness of the night by the sudden bursting out of a flame on the dressing table on which lay some letter paper and on the top a newspaper. Although much alarm d, she at once removed the burning mass with a shovel and threw it into the water. She then smothered the blaze on the table cover, and the fire was extinguished. She then remembered that she had a day or two before spread a rag with sweet oil, to be laid over a blister, and had left it for a short time on the table, occasioning a grease spot on be laid over a blister, and had left it for a short time on the table, occasioning a grease spot on the table-cover. The papers lay on this spot. Combustion had ensued, going on quietly for some hours in the greased cloth and the letter paper, until reaching the oxygen of the air, it burst forth into a flame. Here a conflagration was averted because its beginning was seen in time to arrest its danger. But how many manufactories have been burned and their products destroyed from want of care in allowing greasy rags or wool to lie carelessly about, and to become the agents in the destructive work caused by spontaneous combustion.—Cincinnati Business Guide.

matter with your nose?"

"I yust dell your friend here I ben out fishin' mit der boys, und de sun he parnt 'em—zwei lager—den cents—all right."

Another boy rushed in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time; 'spose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder, bal' ha!—what's the matter with that nose!"

Snyder, ha! ha!—what's the matter with that nose!"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose, or haying it langhed at, and he says, in a tone sternly smphatic:

"Ive peen out fishin' mit der poys, und der sun yous so hot like ash der tifel, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another torment comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up' for the whole house. "Snyder, what—lan! ha! what's the matter with that nose!"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner—

"I peen out fishin' nit der boys on der leedle "I peen out fishin in the der nor out fishin in the der nor out fishin in the sun and insists on specially tight. Cooled thus a long time in own juices, it is rendered very tender, and has a peculiar appetizing flavor. Take an earthen just the mit stand heat, with tight-fitting that will stand heat, with tight to be the dish for dimer, lay them in the jar, rub each piece with salt and peper and a little lump of sugar, and put in a little water; then lay on a thick buttered paper and peper and a little lump of sugar, and put in a little water; then lay on a thick buttered paper and peper and a little lump of sugar, and put in a little water; then lay on a thick buttered paper and peper and a little lump of sugar, and put in all prevent of the peper and a little lump of sugar, and put in a littl lent cooked in this way. The toughest meat is rendered tender by this process, and none of the nutritious matter is wasted, as in many of the

As FRESH FRUIT becomes scarce in the spring, we should use canned and dried fruits as much as possible, for the acids contained in fruits are just what is needed in the system as warm weather comes on. Much of our spring fevers, languor and biliousness would be avoided by using fruits more freely. Though cauned fruits may be thought costly, they are cheap compared with the money often expended in patent medicines, doctor bills, &c., to cure sickness which might in this way be mostly avoided. Many dried fruits are very nice when properly cooked. Cherries, plums, and peaches are acceptable to nearly all palates, and if one wants something nicer, we have found a fine recipe for STEWED FIGS.

Put them in warm water, allowing them to swell very gradually, stew gently till tender, with the grated yellow of a lemon rind. When cooked remove to a deep dish, add to the water in which they were stewed the juice of the lemon, turn over the figs and serve cold.

A PLEA FOR CANDY.—The child often has a strong desire for sweet food and sweetmeats. This shows a want of carbon in the system—that he is needing a large amount of it. When the little child so earnestly pleads for candy—his idea of the sugar he so much covets—feed it to him; only being careful of the quality and quantity he shall use at any one time. There is an instinctive feeling about these wants; and if they are not gratified in some form the child does not fill that want of its bedy, and this vacancy will in after life tell against his health in some way.

Many are the cries against eating candies and sugar, as making the child billions and black, or that it rots the teeth; but the want of it makes more puny children than the use of it in any form ever injured, the want of it rots more teeth than were ever hurt by its use. Then let us feed them on the rational principle of a demanding appetite.

TO MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT .- We To MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT.—We remember seeing some years sirce in an agricultural work, now out of print, an article on "Economy in Candles," which may be new and useful to many of our readers. When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of candle.

An exchange gives these hints on cleaning paint: Use but little water at a time, keep it warm and clean by changing often. Be careful of soap. Put but little in the water, rubbing it on the cloth when needed. A sharp piece of soft wood is indispensable for the corners. The point will soon become like a paint brush. A sancer of sifted ashes, where paint is badly smoked or fly-specks are thick, is better than soap; wipe last with a clean wet towel.

To Stor Bleeding.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturiat writes that bleeding from a wound in man or beast may be atopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt in two parts bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, any from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if occessory.

Baked Fresh Pork.—Take aleg of freeh pork, skin it, put it in a vessel. Take salt, pepper, two tablespoons of vinegar, four tablespoons of sweet oil, four hay leaves, four sage leaves, and a gill of white wine, and with this mixture baste the leg several times a day, for three days or so, and then bake it well done.

A reference lubricating oil, says the American Artizan, should have just sufficient viscidity to keep the axle and bearing from coming in contact; should be unaffected in consistency by changes in temperature, should not be volatile, and should not change from chemical causes.

A Bostox physician testified at a trial, recent ly, that seven cases of small-pox had come under his observation, this winter, where the patients had before had the disease, the results of the former attacks being distinctly marked. THISTLE tea and poultice is good for neuralgia.

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